2 of Mind - "It's kinda like a radio in your brain"
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2 of Mind - "It's kinda like a radio in your brain"

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Summary

Sonic jumped in the Tornado with little more than an, "I'll be back!" And flew all the way to Scrapnik Island himself.

Notes

This fic is inspired by this post from Tumblr user son1c https://www.tumblr.com/son1c/706795744627245056/2-of-mind

"It's kinda like a radio in your brain."

That was it. That's how he'd explain the whole situation.

There were ALWAYS follow up questions.

"Can you see what he sees?" People would ask, and Sonic would say, "If I focus really, *really* hard, then… a bit? Kinda fuzzy—like a radio in a tunnel."

“Can you feel what he feels?” Would follow, and Sonic would say, “Not… really? It's like when your arm falls asleep, but it’s not your arm, it’s a cool robot-crab-claw-thing.”

"Can he read, like, *all* of your thoughts?" Was a common one. Sonic would chuckle and say, "Nah. Just the loudest ones."

(Tails didn't bother explaining that that's absolutely not how thinking works, he just accepted that Sonic was probably telling the truth, explaining the situation the best he could.)

And it went both ways, too.

"Can you see… the world?" Sigma asked, clutching his hat like the answer would *mean* the world. And, with a gaze met by a dozen Scrapniks in tow, Mecha nodded. It took a lot of energy, several processes had to be either muted or dedicated to it, but with enough trial and error, he could stop seeing Scrapnik Island and, for just a brief, fleeting moment, catch a glimpse of lush greens painted with every color he could imagine.

The group threw their arms around Mecha. "Tell us all about it!"

Sonic happened to be listening at that particular time. Afterwards, he decided to run a few laps around Green Hill, check up on his favorite spots. No reason.

Mecha told about bumblebees perched on flowers and all manner of critters grazing; a field mouse resting in a tulip as if it were its home, a flicky chirping unseen from up in a tree, fish in the rivers jumping up to meet Sonic's eye. Then Sonic took a trail up a mountain and through an open-faced cave where one could see a cascading waterfall

from behind and the misty rainbow it made in the air, and in that cave buried under the thunderous roar of water flow, the gentle sound of echoing drips conveyed the formation of stalagmites and stalactites, which caked the ground and ceiling in clusters and - oh! Through a cage of deep seeded stone one could just barely make out a cluster of large, opalescent crystals—a massive open geode.

Sonic sat down for a rest—even *he* needed one after all that had happened—and made sure now more than ever to truly, genuinely appreciate his environment.

After a solid rest and an oat bar to satiate, Sonic dashed through the cave and up and out of an opening crater, coming to the tip of the small mountain. From there, he watched the sunset as it transitioned through soft, warm colors over the horizon—it was almost purple for a moment.

Then he gazed at the stars, the galaxies, the rich purple-blue-black of the early night, clear of smog, clear of pollution.

Mecha has never seen a sky like that. He didn't know how to describe it.

⁂

Eventually, he had started to play checkers with himself. Well, not *himself,* but that’s what it looked like. And he'd taken up talking to “himself” too. It was cute, honestly—or, well, Amy thought so. He’d laugh at jokes no one else could hear, meet them with a quip and then snicker. And if he wasn’t talking to himself, he’d be laser focused on a speck on the wall. Tails eventually figured he was just “thinking loudly.”

After a good hour of sitting and thinking, Sonic eventually sighed, smiled, and then threw off his boots and prepared his spot on Tails' couch.

"Night, buddy." He said, and Tails met it with an automatic, "G'night, Sonic."

Then, Tails paused, leaning sleepily against the wall of the hallway.

"... night, Mecha."

Sonic's ear perked, and then the rest of him. Then he chuckled once, got comfy again, and answered, "Mecha says sleep well."

"I will!"

"And no midnight projects. *That's* from me."

Tails scoffed with a smile, then pulled himself to bed.

Across the world, Mecha hummed. In that moment Sigma happened to be checking on him, and Mecha wordlessly threw his arms around the bot.

"Oh!" Is all Sigma said, and then met the embrace.

"Good night, Sigma." Mecha said, and though mechanical and objectively deadpan, Sigma could swear he heard joy and warmth in that often cold voice.

"Good night, Mecha Sonic."

Sonic smiled in his sleep.

⁂

Mecha was silent for a week. Sonic figured he just needed a break—they were spending every moment together, it made sense.

But then he wasn't silent. He was loud. very loud.

They didn't know what happened, exactly… Maybe the mind-switcher-doodad had a (very) delayed malfunction? Either way, one day, Mecha realized he was *in* Sonic's head. Suck. Focused, and couldn't *stop* focusing, couldn't *stop* dedicating processes towards seeing the green field.

Sonic jumped in the Tornado with little more than an, "I'll be back!" And flew all the way to Scrapnik Island himself.

All he found was a well-decorated grave, adorned with a familiar flower, thriving in the nutrient rich dirt.

And no Scrambled Egg Carrier.

Despite it all, Mecha was satisfied with that. They stayed for a moment, Sonic let Mecha say goodbye to an old home. Then they left. Maybe one day they'd cross paths, each with their own stories to tell, and uh… things to explain.

But for now, Mecha was satisfied.

The stars must look beautiful from up on the deck.

⁂

Sonic was laying in his and Mecha's bed, relaxing after a long day of doing nothing. It'd been peaceful, honestly.

Idly, laying on his back, Sonic held his hands in front of his face. He admired his palms, just because they were something to look at, then rested them to his side.

"Sonic?" Mecha thought, and Sonic hummed to state his attention. "Can we..." We? No, *you.* He's just a tagalong in this body, he reminds himself. "Can you... look at your hands, again? Please?"

Sonic sat up, vocalized an “Mhm” and did as asked, pulling his hands up to his face, palms open towards him, about a foot away. And he observed. Just observed. Lets Mecha take it all in, for whatever reason he had.

Everything looked so *real,* Mecha thought. And it’s a thought he’d shared countless times before, but for some reason, right now, when

everything was calm and they'd both been so relaxed, it was all just so much *more* real—real looking, real sounding, real *feeling* —than it ever was through glass eyes, audio processors and spatial sensors. More real than it ever *could* have felt, at least with the selection of parts available on Scrapnik Island.

He told Sonic, Sonic hummed again, and then Mecha reiterated that, right now, everything *feels* real. Not a tactile feeling, that's still far away, and not quite an emotional feeling either; it's something you just… intuit. Like your body understands that it's solid and a physical thing and *here*.

It's so real and here and solid and living and, and each knuckle and finger, the two palms, the bones beneath the flesh and the tendons and sinew connecting them…! It's so real, and here, and, and here, and real, and right *there* in front of Mecha and right, right *there* and *real* in front of *Mecha.* Each hand, each finger, each individual finger real, and here, and, and *it bent and it bent it bent and Sonic didn't do that oh my goodness what the—it* ***bent*** *the finger* ***moved*** *and—*

Sonic jumped in place. He froze for a moment, then wrapped his arms around himself and squeezed, looking off into space like he just saw a ghost.

Then he realized. Then he smiled.

"I'm sorry," Mecha thought, with genuine concern. "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened, I-I don't... I didn't mean-"

"Do that again!" Sonic said out loud, beaming. Then he softened his voice, "It's... it's alright, just... Do that again." Sonic held out his palms once more.

"... what?" Mecha thought.

"Move my fingers. Our! Move our fingers!"

⁂

“Hey, Sonic?” Tails called from the hanger, and then the distinct sound of mental against concrete echoed through the building. “... can **you and Mecha** lend me a hand?”

“Oh, there **you two** are!” Amy wrapped her hands around blue quills, pulling away and switching to her formal voice. “We need you over at Restoration HQ. Nothing serious.”

"Oh, oh, **guys!** Check this out!" Tangle said, before losing grip on the board and eating dirt.

⁂

Mecha was leading, Sonic hanging back and cooling off in the recesses of the brain. (At least, that's how sonic would explain it—probably wasn't truly how it worked either, but hey, it’s a foreign situation for everyone.)

Then, Cream ran up to them.

“Mr. Mecha?” She asked, and Mecha sent her one of those unintentionally harsh glares that he’d been trying to work out. His resting face is a lot meaner than Sonic’s, probably because he was used to having a *screen* there. But Cream didn't falter, the smile on her face only growing. “I made you and Mr. Sonic a gift!”

Then, she presented two necklace charms. A ring and a gear, both molded out of clay.

“Sonic can wear the ring, and you can wear the gear! That way people will be less confused, hopefully!”
“Chao, chao!” Cheese added, thrilled just to be a part of the exchange.

For the first time… ever, Mecha felt tears well in Sonic’s—in *his*—eyes.

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